

# Press-Herald

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## Some Welcome Trends

The campaign of the world's "progressive" thinkers to throw out all that's old in favor of the new sometimes suffers a setback.

Such a setback has been recorded in recent years, it now seems, in the field of education where the headlong drive to adopt every hare-brained educational gimmick came close to making functional illiterates out of a generation of young Americans.

The so-called progressive educational theories—derived largely through variations on a theme laid down by John Dewey—have had a vogue among the nation's educationists, but the current trend, happily, seems to be in the direction of the more traditional systems of learning.

These traditional systems can take many forms. It is enough to note however that the highly-touted "look-see" method of teaching the little ones how to read has been losing support. The "look, look, look; see Dick run" books are being replaced by books encompassing a stronger program of phonetic instruction.

The educationists who were so sure that permissiveness was a key to the full development of a youngster are not now quite so certain. The younger generation of teachers and administrators are beginning to stick a few grains of the traditional emphasis on classroom discipline and study discipline back in our schools.

We are convinced that the emphasis now being placed on some of the basic elements of education—on the students' ability to read and spell, to write and speak articulately—is the healthiest trend in American education since the onslaught of the progressive theories started a downward trend.

We are convinced it is a healthy sign when young teachers, even beginning teachers, instruct their pupils with skill in the basic tools of all knowledge.

The return to the basic forms of education has been termed a revolution. If so, it's one that was long overdue.

## Freedom's Anniversary

Friday will mark the 178th anniversary of one of mankind's greatest achievements, the United States Constitution.

It was on Sept. 17, 1787, that the 42 delegates to the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia completed their job of forming a new government and had put their signatures to the document that has become the world's symbol of freedom.

Benjamin Franklin, one of the nation's founding fathers, came out of that historic meeting to be asked by a Philadelphia citizen:

"What kind of government have you given us?" Franklin's memorable reply: "A republic, sir, if you can keep it."

The inherent dangers to the republic were recognized by Franklin and other framers of the Constitution. Those far-sighted men worked hard to incorporate checks into the Constitution to protect free Americans from the twin evils of apathy and a thirst for power.

They knew that an exhibited desire for power by one man or group and the apathetic reaction on the part of others could well result in failure for their new government.

The men struggling with the awesome task of setting forth the framework for a new government divided the powers into the three branches—legislative, judicial, and executive—with each serving as a check on the other two. The wisdom of their deliberations has been demonstrated many times over since that day 178 years ago.

The continued operation of these safeguards, however, depend on the participation of vigilant, informed, and responsible citizens.

It means that a responsible citizen keeps himself informed on the activities of those who govern him, beginning with his own city and school officials to the nation's highest.

On this anniversary of the signing of the Constitution, we urge a new awareness of the value this document holds—a value that will continue only so long as an alert citizenry participates.

## Opinions of Others

This country was founded by men and women who were afraid. Wars are won by men who are afraid. Confidence is an ally of defeat. Fear builds muscles. Contentment adds fat. Fear gives drive. Satisfaction hunts the shade.—West Point (Miss.) Times Leader.

## Morning Report:

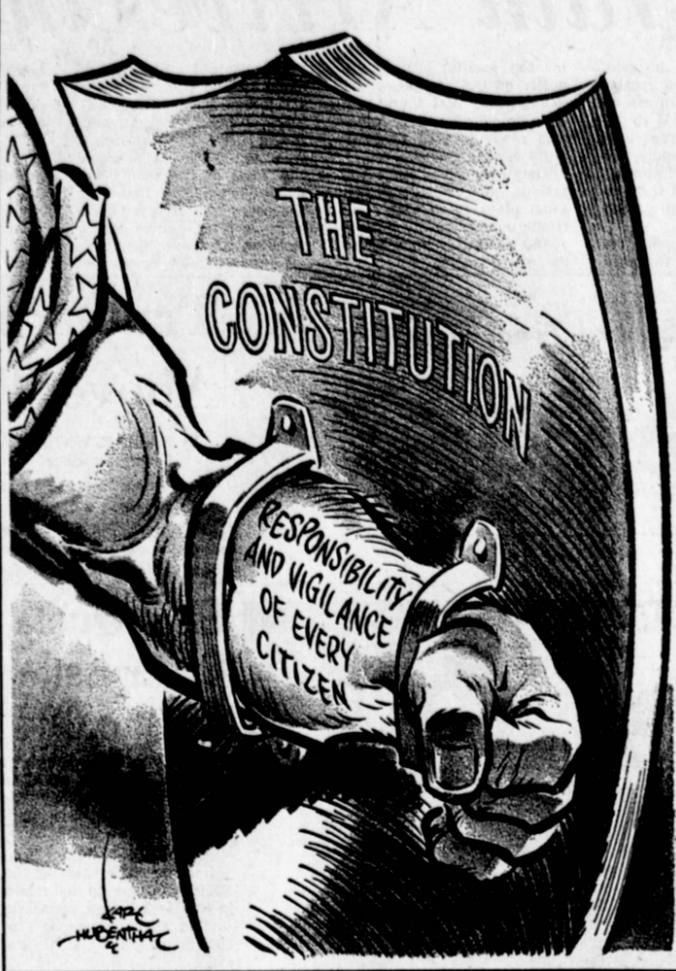
Nothing is exactly right in the country these days—including especially the people in it. At least that seems to be the rule of thumb to follow if you want to make it big.

A few years ago we were swamped with a canned food-drink that was tasty, nutritious, handy—and would also take off weight. Now a new drink is on the market with all the virtues of the old one—except that it will add weight. The idea is that everybody is either overweight or underweight. Why doesn't somebody ever do something for us—few as we are—who are happy as is?

On the other hand, maybe the new fattening drink was designed as a national necessity for those who overindulged on that slimming drink.

**Abe Mellinkoff**

## OUR SHIELD DEMANDS A STRONG ARM



STAN DELAPLANE

## 'Poor Man's Guide' Could Help With Trip to Orient

"Do you tip stewards or stewardesses on European airlines?"

No. Same customs as on U.S. airlines.

"Should we keep our baggage locked in European hotel rooms?"

I don't and I've never had anything taken. (I don't leave money around in ANY hotel room.)

"Please suggest ways to cut costs on a trip to the Orient . . ."

David Dodge who did "Poor Man's Guide to Europe" has just published "The Poor Man's Guide to the Orient"—includes Middle East, Dodge gets more bang for a buck, more miles per dollar, than most travel writers. It's \$4.95 at book stores.

"We planned to have our vacation at Christmas instead of summer and we'd like to go to Europe . . ."

This is the time when airlines have cut-rate, 21-day excursion fares. But the usual tourist route is cold and miserable. The only warm weather is on the south coast of Spain and Portugal. And that's chancy.

The ski resorts, however, are gay and lively and musical. Ride the little trains that go through snowy, Christmas card villages. There are warm, inexpensive inns with good food.

good wine. And you meet everybody.

"We would like to avoid all avoidable mistakes on our trip . . ."

I overpack—can't seem to stop it. Weigh yourself down with too many clothes and every move is a headache.

"This will be my first flight. I am worried about air sickness."

The stewardess has pills. But jet planes don't have motion like the old rock 'n' roll DC-3s. You can set a full glass of water on the arm of your chair without spilling.

"What is the cost for two persons in Paris?"

Equal to New York. I can't do it (for two) under \$40 a day.

"Can we (two ladies) drive safely through France and Germany?"

No problem. Just watch out for European drivers. They seem to think the highway is a race track. Speed limits often apply only in tourist season. And most drivers, even then, don't think it applies to them.

"Can you drink tap water in most European cities?"

All my friends living there drink it. So do I occasionally.

ally. I drink bottled water the farther south I go.

"Are there good buses in Europe?"

The best, Big. Roomy. Usually carry a stewardess. Drinks, snacks, a table that unfolds at your seat. And best of all, the most inexpensive tours. If the driver stops at any "factories" for "wholesale prices," you can bet he's got a piece of the action. Be cautious about buying.

"Should we go to the Virgin Islands in December? Or are there better places?"

The Virgin Islands are at the top of the season in December . . . if you want a lively time. If you buy a ticket to Trinidad, you can start at the Virgins and island-hop a dozen places on the way down. No extra cost.

"Do we need hotel reservations in Mexico at Christmas? At Acapulco?"

Better have them at both Mexico City and Acapulco. Christmas is the popular time.

"We hear that you must bargain in Mexico. But how do you know what to offer?"

No bargaining in the big department stores. But in the markets and tourist shops, yes. The rule is offer half of what they ask. If they accept, you've been had.

## From the Mailbox

Editor, Press-Herald

This department has received to date hundreds of letters and telegrams of appreciation and commendation for its actions on the recent incidents in South-Central Los Angeles.

It is impossible for me to reply personally to all these messages, so I would like to take this means of thanking everyone, including the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, who took time from their busy schedules to express their appreciation for the services provided by this Department and other public service agencies.

Complete cooperation was received from other fire agencies, Sheriffs, police,

Highway Patrol personnel, and the military.

As usual, members of the news media did an extremely fine job.

Once again thank you. I can assure you that it does a great deal for the morale

of all personnel involved. They have been apprised of this deluge of letters and telegrams.

K. E. KLINGER, Chief Engineer Los Angeles County Fire Dept.

## We Quote . . .

We would like to have a day off some time, but we are afraid we would have too much trouble putting it back.—John Maverick, Cherryville (Kans.) Republican.

I believe the United States as a whole has been becoming atmospherized, you might say, in a policy of

lawlessness. If we like a law, we obey it; if we don't, we are told: "You can disobey it."—Dwight D. Eisenhower.

I proved I could do the job when I learned how to argue. Like any machine, if you don't squeak you don't get no grease.—Victor Medearis, San Francisco minister.

## HERB CAEN SAYS:

# One Quick Peek Changes Life of Canadian Author

LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT: Novelist Arthur Hailey of Toronto, whose "Hotel" has been a solid best-seller for six months, came here the other day to confer with Col. Alexis Klotz, the retired pilot (Hailey's next project is "Airport," and he wanted technical details). Anyway: Klotz flew Hailey over the Napa Valley, and thereby changed the writer's life . . . in a few minutes. Soon as they landed, Hailey bought half an acre in Meadowood at St. Helena, ordered work to begin on a house, wired his wife that he had found "heaven on earth," sold his house in Toronto, and will return with his family in December. Oh . . . before going back to Canada, he did one more thing that establishes him as a valued member of the community: he bought season tickets to the S.F. Symphony!

TOPPER: Novelist Niven Busch is now at Paramount Studios in Hollywood, working on a screenplay for the earthquake saga, "The Earth Shook, The Sky Burned." After he'd finished a scene, an assistant director read it, shook his head and sighed:

"Well, it's not quite right, but I think I can save it. I know what's wrong with it. Come on the set tomorrow and I'll show you how I can fix it." Growled Niven, fixing the director with a steely eye: "Where were you when the page was blank?"

GLENN YARBOROUGH, the ex-Limeliter, is sinking all his loot in sinkables: His personal navy now includes a fishing boat, a 42-ft. sailboat (the Amoral) and an 82-ft. schooner, Pilgrim (once the Tiki in TV's "Adventures in Paradise"). If he ever joins forces with Frank Sinatra, who owns an air force of four planes—Tomorrow the world! . . . Stewardess to 71" Wilt Chamberlain as he boards the plane: "You an athlete?" "Yep, I'm a tennis player." Stewardess: "And I'll bet you're good one too." (Wilt's favorite, though, was the stranger who looked at him on the street one day and called out: "Hey, are you kidding?") . . . Word's beginning to leak that Princess Margaret (and maybe the Earl) will preside over an assistant director read it, shook his head and sighed: English clothes at the Hil-

ton during her respite here in November.

NEEDLER: Bishop James Pike, who has switched slogans from "Ban the Bomb" to "Plug the Pill," is being heckled mightily by Rev. Frank Brunton, a retired 72-year-old Episcopal priest who lives in Phoenix. The Rev. Brunton uses poetry as his form of criticism, his latest effort ending this way: "O Bishop Pike, we'd be relieved/ And give our thanks with heart and soul/ If on the night you were conceived/ Your folks had known of birth control."

REPLAY: Wise-eyed Bill Fassett, who runs fabled Nepenthe in Big Sur, is, of course, a Bohemian—but averse to making a buck he is not. Frexample: He buys Carlsberg Beer (it comes in attractive green bottles) for 40 cents a bottle, and sells it at his bar for 75 cents. After the beer is emptied, he scrubs the labels off the bottles, and sells them in his gift shop for 50 cents. "After all," he afterwards, "tourists feel they have to buy SOMETHING"—and they do. On a good day, he sells 40.

## ROYCE BRIER

# City's Idle Can't Solve The Farm Labor Shortage

A correspondent writes to pose a most interesting question related to the Watts disorders. This columnist is not an expert on the matter (nor very cock-sure with answers), but might submit some ideas for what they are worth.

The question, rather obvious, is: many qualified observers say the root of the Watts revolt was lack of jobs for Negroes; California farms are undergoing a seasonal labor shortage; why not give Watts Negroes the thousands of jobs going begging in the fields?

Juxtaposition of the two problems must have occurred to some but there will be more to say it wouldn't work, Why?

Since nomadism ended, food has been produced by a specialized kind of human being. Tillers of the soil have been sons of tillers. Over much of the earth hard necessity has kept these people on the land. When regions like the United States or Western Europe became highly industrialized, taking people from the land, a revolution was worked in food production. It has not in

many ways been a satisfactory revolution.

Historical events and domestic migrations have made California a special case in production. It is half industrialized in great technical communities, yet its rich soil produces in a diversified volume hardly equalled elsewhere.

Urban California has not, and apparently cannot, provide the labor to keep this farm production machine going. For years there was resort to Mexican farm laborers called braceros. These were tillers of the soil, and sons of tillers. Social development aroused sentiment for their elimination.

But efforts to recruit native Californians to fill the gap have been unsuccessful. The work is very hard, and requires both a technique and a mental attitude which do not pertain to urban or semi-urban people, even when unemployed.

The Negroes in any large city are in this category.

While most California Negroes came from the South-

ern countryside, they are now city folk. If they were ever on it, they do not want to return to the land, and few are qualified to do so. But the same is true of whites in every large California community. If he can saw a board straight or fix a motor he may become a carpenter or mechanic. But he can't, and also won't, harvest lettuce or tomatoes. He is no match for a bracero.

Our correspondent wonders if the Watts Negroes would consider manual work degrading. Probably. But aversion to farm work as "degrading" is not unique with Negroes, nor with Americans. A Swiss peasant would be a waiter, and a Soviet youth will break his neck to avoid peasant occupations and become a "technician."

In our world tilling soil and harvesting crops is no longer held to be the good life. Let chemicals and machines do it, and let computers direct them. This growing antipathy for working on the land could destroy mankind. Our sons can wrestle with the problem—a problem it will be, and already is.

## WILLIAM HOGAN

# Jazz Age Comes to Life Again in Heritage Opus

H. L. Mencken described the prose style of Warren G. Harding as "a string of wet sponges, of tattered washing on the line, a stale bean soup, of college yells . . ." And Calvin Coolidge once summed up his view of the arts: "I knew a poet once when I was in Amherst; class poet, name of Smith . . . Never have heard of him since."

My favorite books on the period, to which I refer time and time again, are the late Frederick Lewis Allen's informal history of the late 1920s, "Only Yesterday," and Lloyd Morris' "Postscripts to Yesterday," which document the principal social changes that took place in American life between 1896 and 1946. If they are not continually available in paperback, they should be. Both are American classics on this most lively, absurd, and generally misunderstood decade in our history.

A flashback to the 1920s, a good one and certainly wonderfully pictorial, appears in the August issue of American Heritage: The Magazine of History' (\$3.50). This is the second issue of the 11-year-old quarterly to

be devoted entirely to a single subject (the first, a year ago, was on "The Presidency"). This opens with a John Held Jr. flapper on the cover and closes with a Mah-jongg hand.

Writers who deal with both the serious and frivolous aspects of this "most preposterous decade" include Bruce Catton, Bruce Bliven, Malcolm Cowley, and Lucius Beebe. Others include Jack Shuttleworth, editor of the humorous weekly, Judge, in the period when John Held Jr. documented, in cartoons, the Marmon roadster-Model T-bathub gin society that Scott Fitzgerald wrote about.

This editorial kaleidoscope traces the revival of the Ku Klux Klan; the Florida real estate boom and bust; the funeral of Valentino ("The Overloved One"), produced by press agents of Campbell's, the Broadway funeral parlor. The Teapot Dome scandal is recalled by Bruce Bliven, who covered it originally for The New Republic, and Beebe of course recalls a particularly remarkable speakeasy of the era.

Then the stock market crash.

It is all a tale told many times, but in American Heritage's inventive presentation the so-called Jazz Age is fresh and exciting again, and I'm sure to some as nostalgic as a Guy Lombardo rendition of "Japanese Sandman." Paintings by Thomas Hart Benton, Grant Wood, Gerge Bellows. And photographs—well, Darrow and Bryan at the Scopes trial (1925); the channel swimmer, Gertrude Ederle (1926); the Manhattan welcome for Lindbergh (1927). Color advertisements for Pierce-Arrow, Arrow Col-lars, and Victrola.

In a physical sense, this is a once-over-lightly rundown on an American time and state of mind. It would take "Only Yesterday," "Post-script to Yesterday," and Malcolm Cowley's "Exile's Return" to suggest the complete story. Yet this moves along briskly, like a flickering, speeded-up newsreel. It is a successful historical tap dance, produced in the professional American Heritage style.